

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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Farmers' Department.

"FEED THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

From the Homestead.

Curing and Preserving Meat.

Pork should be allowed to cool, but not to freeze before curing. If this is to be deferred several days for the sake of convenience, split the animal and take out the lard. It will then cool quickly and entirely. In cutting up, cut off the head close to the ears; the jaw or under jaw and the head or upper jaw, may be baked fresh, or slightly salted, boiled as pork, the snout, ears and feet, dressed for soups; take out the spare-rib with as much lean attached as possible, for the lean that goes into the pork barrel shrinks up and becomes hard; cut the hams and shoulders with a good length of the leg bone, for this will prevent insects and mould getting into the body of the ham, rounded at the large end and only long enough to include the lean, for the fat had better be in the pork than the ham; a strip from the belly as far as the toes should go with the lard; cut the broadside across in strips about eight inches wide; all the fragments which come off about the hams or other parts go for lard or sausage, and the whole carcass is appropriated.

The strips of pork should be packed edge-wise in tight casks, a good coating of salt being put between the layers and on the bottom and top of the cask. A sufficient quantity of the barrel has been thought sufficient, but as the cost is but trifling, we prefer to use about one bushel, that which remains undissolved being good for future use. If the cask is to remain without heading up, fasten the pork down before you add the brine, else as the salt dissolves, the meat may swim. Cover the meat with pure water, or, better, with a brine made as strong as possible, with pure salt, scalding it, and skimming before its application. Rock salt or Turk's Island is preferred for preserving pork, and a prejudice has heretofore existed against the salt manufactured at Syracuse, and other places in Central New York. Some of the salt is doubtless impure from too hasty evaporation and the excessive use of lime, but as much of it is fine, and of course light by the bushel, the difficulty has in part originated from the use of too small a quantity. The solar salt in larger crystals, is very pure and perfectly reliable. If there is much lean pork, add two ounces of saltpetre to the barrel; this will prevent it from becoming very hard, but will give a reddish color. We apprehend no difficulty from the use of molasses casks in packing pork. Molasses and sugar rank next to salt in their preserving qualities, and we often use such casks for hams and beef.

We use the same process for preserving both hams and beef. When cut up, the beef should lie a few days before this operation, rub carefully with fine salt, especially about the bone in the hams, and leave them to drain a few days on a plank; then pack them loosely in a barrel, and cover with a brine made as follows:

Six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt, one quart of molasses, three pounds of brown sugar, three ounces of saltpetre, and one ounce of saleratus. Boil the whole well and skim, and when cold pour it on the meat, which will be entirely covered by it. This will make brine enough for about one hundred pounds.

This is the celebrated "Knickerbocker pickle," recommended by the late Judge Bond, and we are satisfied of its excellence by long trial.

At the end of three weeks take up the hams and repack them, and after laying in the brine as much longer, they are ready for smoking.

Hickory wood and coals make the best smoke. While caution is used that they are not too near the fire, they had better not freeze while being smoked. In this case the smoke only condenses on the surface and blackens it, but does not penetrate the meat. In fact, freezing at any time is of no benefit to the quality of hams or any other meat, but has a tendency to leave them dry. Smoke the hams to a light chestnut brown, not to a black color.

When well cured, the hams may be very conveniently and perfectly preserved for use, by surrounding each one with a loose bag made of close cotton cloth. This should be tied tightly about the string of the ham, so that neither bugs nor flies can enter.—Hang them from the rafters in a well ventilated garret, and usually they will escape both mould and insects, and improve by age for one or more years.

We have also kept hams by packing in fine salt. If it is dry, and kept in a dry place, it answers well. But it will not absorb much more salt; but if damp, they may become perfectly saturated. We have also packed in clean dry ashes, but the result was not very satisfactory.

We repeat the requisites for curing sound pork. Sweet, tight casks; plenty of pure salt, so that some shall remain undissolved, the meat to be cooled but not frozen, and kept at a moderate temperature, covered with a saturated brine.

Lard should be tried as soon as convenient. It must not lie in a close heap while warm, or the part about the kidneys will become tainted. In cutting it up for frying, remove all the lean. Use a very moderate heat, especially at first, and cook till the scraps turn of a light brown color and settle. It is then ready to be strained, and may be depended upon to keep perfectly.

From the Rural New Yorker.

Horizontal Wells.

Wells, as opposed to living fountains of earth-drawn water, are generally reported against. Everybody seems to love the enduring, volunteer fountain, whether found in forest or prairie—among rocks, or gurgling forth from the soil. Poets sing of these fountains, and barbarians worship them—western emigrants shout "Eureka!" at their discovery, and there they rest. The world of waters nature slakes its daily thirst with animals sure drawn. Man, and only man seeks water in the earth.

If fountains are to be chosen, why not, in hilly and mountainous regions, have all our wells fountains, by digging them horizontally into the hillsides? Mining after coal in Pennsylvania, and gold in California, has clearly illustrated the fact, that wells may be dug into hillsides or banks, or bluffs, as well level or horizontally as down perpendicularly; so that every unlucky thing falling into the water becomes a portion of the contents of the well. Very many of the dairy farm houses in the Empire State may be supplied with water from the hill by means of the artificial fountains we are describing. Also dry pastures may have such wells, and the water gathered in a trough as naturally as if it had always flowed there.

Much dangerous and severe labor may also be saved in drawing the dirt by wind-lashes from the well. Water so very troublesome in common wells, has not to be hauled in the horizontal, as it takes care of itself. The certainty of discovery or cutting off veins of water is greater with the horizontal well than the perpendicular, if it starts in the base of a hill or anywhere as much below the surface as a common shaft would be likely to be sunk.

How much labor and cost in bringing springs in logs or pipes from distant fields, and in the end only having secured semi-cold water of not half the value for the dairy it had at its source, might have been saved by a trial of the horizontal well. The California Farmer indorses their efficiency, and urges farmers to construct them wherever practicable. The construction is simple and hardly need be described. When the location is chosen, let it be so that the course of the well may rise a few inches as it progresses, that the water, instead of running in, may run out. If it should be sandy or gravelly and the arch incline to fall, plank must be used to support it. The labor can be performed in a wet time or in winter, as the water runs away from instead of into the work. The dirt is easily removed with a wheel-barrow. The standing may be with an arch in dimensions sufficient for the entrance of a man, or only a drain or gutter to conduct the water. J. S. Hornby, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1859.

From the Working Farmer.

Manures—Their Abuse.

No subject is so little understood, practically, as the use of manures. When the farmer applies to the scientific man, for information on this subject, he does so by abstract questions, which do not fairly define the science he requires, and thus the man of science gropes in the wrong direction; and this difficulty will continue to exist, until mixed men, or those who are conversant with nature's laws, and also conversant with practical agriculture, shall be ready to solve the problems.

We claim that the chief value of manure consists in its inorganic constituents, and their condition or stage of progression.—Thus, we claim that every constituent of an inorganic kind, to be found in an animal organism, has greater value than a similar constituent in vegetable organism; that the potash, soda, chlorine, and every other constituent of the blood of an animal, is more valuable than an equal weight of the same constituent to be found in vegetable matter; and we also claim, that the chief value of stable manure is its inorganic matter, or that portion which will constitute its ash, if burned; that these inorganic constituents have greater value than after burning, simply because their condition insures their more even diffusion through the soil by the decay of the manure; that the nitrogenous portion of the manure is only valuable to the extent that when taken in combination with the life principle of the plant, it enables water to dissolve more freely the inorganic constituents, and supply them to plants; that when a waste occurs in a barn-yard, by washing, it is the soluble portions of the salts, composed of the inorganic constituents, passing away, which renders such washing expensive, and not simply on account of the loss of the ammoniacal matters. We claim that the reason why experimenters find such large results occurring from manures carelessly spread upon the surface of the soil, beyond the result consequent upon their action as a mulch, must be entirely due to the inorganic constituents of the manure which are not volatile; and it is for this reason that the bones of animals, composed chiefly of inorganic matter, have so great a value in agriculture, particularly when rendered soluble by treatment with sulphuric acid.—When stable manures are composted with headlands and other inorganic matter, the benefits arising therefrom are two-fold; first, by securing a greater amount of division of the valuable portions through the whole mass, and secondly, by the chemical actions which disengage from the more inert portions those inorganic constituents, which, without the presence of the active principles contained in the more active part, would not be liberated and rendered capable of being assimilated by plants.

The loss of ammonia in a badly arranged dung heap, is not the greatest loss, as many

suppose, that is, so far as the direct value of the ammonia is concerned as a manurial principle; but the presence of ammonia in the compost heap gives to the water pervading the mass, the power of rendering soluble the more inert portions of inorganic matter, at least, in degree; and to this property of ammonia is to be attributed its greatest value, and not to its direct power upon plants; for as such it has none; its action is secondary; it first acts by enabling water, assisted by the life principle of growing organisms, to dissolve inorganic matter and form lines of salts, which could not form except for this assistance; and these salts, and not the ammonia, is the active food of the plant.

When these effects are steadily borne in mind, the farmer will scarcely be liable to make mistakes in judging of the comparative value of different kinds of manures; he will readily understand why the feces and urine of man so far surpasses in value those of animals; he will understand why a hundred pounds of dried blood, is equal to a ton weight of well fermented barn-yard manure, in practice; and he will also understand that if he permits his barn-yard to be drenched, that the portion running away is the more valuable part of the inorganic matter, which is the more soluble and thus so readily parted with; he can also understand the high value of wood-ashes, leaf-mould, etc., as they contain large portions of progressed inorganic matter.

The value of road-dust, as a manure, is due to the continued trituration of the particles, and consequent exposure to atmospheric influences, rather than to the ammoniacal matter, to which its value has been erroneously attributed.

The Waste of Sermonizing.

Rev. H. D. Moor, exchanging with Rev. Dr. Chickering, a week or two since, stopped short in his discourse, and said that his sermon had cost him a great deal of labor, but as they did not seem interested in it, and as many were already asleep, he would not proceed any further. The Maine Farmer, after suggesting that he might have had something to do with it, says:

"But let us be just towards the beans. Congregational drowsiness does not come chiefly from the soporific influences of the gastric economy. When the interest is enlisted, a very poor exhortation will always command the eyes and ears, but the dead in trespasses and sins will not hear Moses and the prophets. If preachers should be divested of a certain sweet delusion, and realize, as they go to the work of the study, how small a portion of the most intelligent audience," will really hear, from exordium to peroration, the most labored product of scholarship and inspiration, they would scarcely reach that stage in their discourse where the Portland Clergyman broke off ultimately, before they would take a lively sympathy with the "children sitting in the market place." There is no product of human industry that is the subject of so much waste as the sermon. The seeds of the elm, millions of which fall where one takes root and rises again, afford a fair illustration of the luck of words which fall from commissioned lips upon the hearts of men. If observation is not at fault, of all the population of the most church-going towns of church-going New England, the average attendance upon public worship does not exceed the proportion of one to four; of those who go, not one in four are drawn to the sanctuary by the interest in its doctrines. Not more than one in four listens to the words of prayer and exhortation; of those who thus listen, not one in four listens continuously; of those who are all attention, not one in fourteen lays it to heart. Could we look down into the hearts of men, we fear we should say with more assurance than we now say without compunction, that there is no duty performed by the majority of the minority who recognize the duty, so reluctantly, as that of worshipping God; there is no cause where men, in seeking their own, pursue the end so lazily and thriftlessly; there is no voluntary expenditure where money is more reluctantly paid. The scholarly gentleman who took offense at the indifference of his brother's congregation, had reason for lamentation and tears when considering the subject of congregational drowsiness in the abstract; but in the concrete, he should have treated it as a matter of course. St. Paul was wiser in the case of the young man. From his time down, the meeting-house has been a sleeping room. The soul's worth is acknowledged in the speech of man, but practically man cares very little about his soul. What will he give in exchange for it? This is a hard question; but he will give his soul for very little, and in the minds of his fellows, make a good trade. The triumphs of Christianity are wonderful and glorious, but the fairest Christian garden is still covered by a wicked and perverse generation, who put the last first and the first last."

Preserving Sheep from Dogs. The Working Farmer says: "A friend recommends that one sheep in ten should have a bell hung around his neck, and if dogs attack them in the night, the jingling of the bells will scare them off. We have heard many experiments with dogs which proved useless. Alexander Pope once understood a friend, as having heard that when a dog approaches, if you turn your back toward him, lean on your knees and throw your coat tail over your shoulders, the dog will be frightened away. His friend asked, 'Mr. Pope, have you tried it?' 'Yes,' said Pope, 'I did, and the consequence is, that I have not been able to sit down with any comfort since.' We fear our friend's bells won't frighten knowing dogs more than one night."

MISCELLANY.

THE WIFE.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. These disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to the character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and support of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitter blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up his shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman who is the more dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, though all abroad in darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination; he was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze on her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness as if he doted on his lovely burden for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eye of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and rapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake?" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, do not mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!" "And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may

break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"O, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. O, it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "do not let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—"

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could—I could—God bless her! God bless her," cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart and on the grave-plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and waiting for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and everything is so sweet and still here—O?" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, "O, we shall be happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has, indeed, been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity. [Washington Irving's Sketch Book.]

"The Eagle's Nest of the Republic."

A number of years ago, happening to be in Paris on the 4th of July, with many other Americans, we agreed to celebrate "the day" by a dinner at the Hotel Maurice. There were seventy-two of us in all. We had but one guest. This was M. de Tocqueville, who had rendered himself famous by his great work upon Democracy in America. During the festivities of the evening, after the cloth had been removed, and speechifying had commenced, some gentleman alluded en passant to the fact that he was born in Connecticut. "Connect-de-coot," exclaimed Monsieur De Tocqueville, as he suddenly rose, with the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, "Vy, messieurs, I will tell you, vid the permission of de president of this festival, von ver leal story, and then I will give you von grand sentiment, to dat little State you call Connect-de-coot. Von day ven I vas in de gallery of the House of Representatives, I held von map of de Confederation in my hand. Dere vas von leetle yellow spot dat dey call Connect-de-coot. I found by the Constitution he was entitled to six of his boys on dat floor. But ven I make de acquaintance personelle with de member, I find dat more than tirty of the Representatives was born in Connect-de-coot.

story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigue of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I; "has anything happened to her?" "What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the mental concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good-humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possess in that woman."

"O! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into a humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of everything elegant—almost of everything convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture which I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I also observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

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And then ven I was in the gallery of the House of the Senator, I find de Constitution permit Connect-de-coot to send two of his boys to represent him in dat legislature. But vunce more when I make de acquaintance personelle of the Senator, I find aine of the Senator was born in Connect-de-coot. So den, gentlemen, I have made my leetle speech; now I will give you my grand sentiment.

"Connect-de-coot, the leetle yellow spot dat make the clock piddler, the school-master, and de Senator. De first give you time; the second tell you what you do with him, and the third make your law and your civilization"—and then, as he was resuming his seat amidst roars of laughter, he rose again, and with that peculiar gentleness which characterizes all Frenchmen in moments of exultation, he shook his finger tremulously over the assembled conferees, and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Aht gentlemen, dat leetle yellow State you call Connect-de-coot, is one very great miracle to me." [Democratic Age.]

Paul Jones and his Great Naval Battle.

The Virginia Index is publishing a series of interesting sketches by Mr. Thos. Chase, of Chesterfield, of "The Life, Character and times of Paul Jones." They throw much light on the character of Paul Jones, and give, we doubt not, a most faithful account of the famous battle of his ship, the Bon Homme Richard, with the Serapis. After stating that the ships were locked together, which was effected by Jones, because he saw that to keep off at fair gun shot, with a new and strong frigate like the Serapis, would never do for such a crazy old hulk as the Bon Homme Richard. Mr. Chase says:

"The working of the big guns had been suspended during the time of lashing the ships together, but was soon resumed. Of course neither ship could use her guns but on one side, and these were nearly muzzle to muzzle—so near that those who handled the ramrod, sometimes hit each other. 'Fair play, you infernal Yankee!' in Englishman would exclaim. 'Mind your eye, John Bull, or I'll!' &c.

The firing was most rapid, particularly on Jones' part, for it could do the ships no hurt, except to knock the guns about a little, and knock off the gunwales, and occasionally raise a cloud of splinters from each other's decks. Jones and his men kept a very sharp look out that Pearson and his men did not cut the lashings and sever the ships. But had men in the rigging doing all the mischief they could. In this kind of play Jones had the best of it; for his men were more terrible, and his spars and yards were longer, still Pearson would not surrender, insisting that Jones ought to.

Capt. Landais, with the Alliance, came up to help Jones, and fired a broadside, but of necessity it hurt Jones as it did Pearson. Jones immediately cried out—"Capt. Landais, let us alone—I can handle him. Both ships were often on fire, and as often were extinguished. Had it not been for the men in the sails, this was one of the safest fights, so far as the men on deck were concerned, that almost ever happened—I mean after the ships were lashed together. The flash of the guns would go clear across the decks, and the men by keeping a good look-out, could avoid being hurt, by stepping a little aside.

Had the Bon Homme Richard been a new, strong ship, as was the Serapis, both might have lain there and wasted powder and thrown shot until they rotted, before sinking either with the guns of the other. But the Bon Homme Richard was old and rotten, and was leaning badly before Jones made her fast to the Serapis, and thus fast, the strain upon her against the other ship and from the explosion of the guns made her leak worse, and it was evident that ere long she must go down.

Some of Jones' men and one of his officers told him she must go down, and proposed a surrender. "You never mind that; you shall have a better ship to go home in," said Jones, pleasantly. Jones and all his men, and Pearson and his crew, very well knew that if the Bon Homme Richard was about to sink, she would explode the Serapis, and both go down together. It was, therefore, likely to be a test between Jones and Pearson—which, for the sake of saving himself and men from a watery grave, would strike first.

But Jones had recourse to a stratagem, which was completely successful. He secretly sent his men below, one by one, with the strictest possible orders to be fully prepared for boarding, and at a given signal to rush on deck, and he would lead them on to the deck of the Serapis, and clear it. So Jones' men seemed to diminish, though not very fast, until only about thirty were left on deck. Pearson, supposing they were killed or badly wounded, and that Jones must soon strike his colors, was thrown completely off his guard. This was Jones' time. Giving his signal, his men were ready in an instant, and with Jones ahead, with his deadly sword, rushed like hail-bounds upon the deck of the Serapis, killing every thing they could reach, and in a very short time would have killed every thing on board; but Captain Pearson, seeing his time had come, cried with a loud voice, "Captain Jones, I surrender!"—at the same time taking his sword by the blade, and presenting the hilt to Jones, and with the next breath ordered the colors to be taken down.

This was in the night. On the next evening the Bon Homme Richard went down head foremost. Thus terminated the strangest naval fight on record. Paul Jones took the Serapis, but Capt. Pearson sunk the Bon Homme Richard.

